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A  
Congratulatory Poem

To the Most ILLUSTRIOUS

QUEEN  
MARY

Upon Her

ARRIVAL  
IN  
ENGLAND.

BY

THO. SHADWELL.

LONDON:

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Sign of the Crown in *S. Paul's Church-  
Yard*: MDCLXXXIX.

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Printed for James ... at the ... of the ... in St. Paul's Church.  
THE MODERN

TO THE  
**QUEENS**  
 Most Excellent  
**MAJESTY.**

M A D A M,



Dmmur'd with Rocks of Ice no Wretches  
 left

Hopeless of Life, of Heat and Light  
 bereft,

Under the influence of the rugged *Bear*,  
 Where but one Day and Night is all the Year,  
 With ne'er so much transporting *Joy* could meet  
 The dawning Day, as Your Approach we greet:  
 Your *Beams* reviv'd us from the *Belgian* Shore,  
 Which now our long-lov'd *Princess* does restore. }  
 What could make us so rich? Or them so poor?  
 The *World* nought equal to our *Joy* can find,  
 But the despairing *Grief* You left behind.  
 We from the *Mighty States* have now gain'd more  
 Than by our *Aid* they ever got before.  
 When the Great *Vere's* and *Sidney's* won such Fame,  
 That each of them immortaliz'd his *Name*.  
 Not *Alva's* *Rage* would have distress'd them so  
 As, M A D A M, we have done, recalling You.  
 Our ador'd *Princess* to *Batavians* lent,  
 Is home to us with mighty *Interest* sent:



For

For we, with Her, have won the *Great Nassau*,  
 Whose Sword shall keep the *Papal World* in awe.  
 She comes, She comes, the *Fair*, the *Good*, the *Wise*,  
 With loudest *Acclamations* rend the *Skies*,  
 Rock all the *Steeple*s, kindle every *Street*,  
 Thunder ye *Cannons* from each *Fort* and *Fleet*.  
 To all the neighb'ring *Lands* sound out your *Foys*,  
 And let *France* shake at the *triumphant Noise*.  
*Bless'd* be the rising *Waves*, the murmuring *Gales*  
 Sustain'd the *Mighty Cargo*, swell'd the *Sayls*.  
*Bless'd* be the *Vessel*, as that was which bore  
 The *Sacred Remnant*, when there was no *Shore*.  
 Not the *returning Dove* they welcom'd so  
 As we our *MARY*, who brings *Olive* too;  
 That only promis'd *Safety* to their *Lives*,  
 This our lost *Peace* and *Liberty* revives.  
*Bless'd, bless'd* be his *Invasion* which made way  
 For this most *happy* and *illustrious Day*.



So brave an *Action*, so *Renown'd a Name*  
 Was ne'er yet written in the *Book of Fame*.  
 Let *Parasites* call *Princes* *Wise*, and *Brave*,  
 Who bear *inglorious Arms* but to *enslave*.  
 Our *Prince* will break those *Chains* wherewith they  
 bind :  
 'Tis his true *Glory* to enlarge *Mankind*.  
 In any *Land* You would *Dominion* gain ;  
 And *MADAM*, in each *Common-Wealth* would *Reign*.  
 Where'er your *God-like PRINCE* from us should go,  
 They would like us, submit without a *Blow*.  
 In his short *Sway* more *Wisdom* He has shown,  
 Than here before in *Ages* has been known.  
 The Name of *KING* adds nothing to his *Fame* ;  
 But his great *Virtues* dignifie that *Name*.  
 What *Land* can boast of such a *matchless Pair*,  
 Like him so *wise*, so *brave* ; like You so *wise*, so *fair* ?  
 Where e'er so many *sacred Virtues* joyn,  
 They to a *Scepter* shew a *Right Divine*.

Who

Who are approv'd so *Valiant, Wise, and Just,*  
 Have the best *Titles* to the *highest Trust,*  
 Tho from the *Loins* of *greatest Kings* deriv'd,  
 That *Title's* not so strong nor so long liv'd ;  
 For *Princes* more of *solid Glory* gain  
 Who are *thought fit,* than who are *born to Reign.*

M A D A M,

*The Humblest of Your*

*Majesties Subjects,*

THO. SHADWELL.

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at the *Crown* in *S. Paul's Church-yard*.

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